

## CHARIVARIA.

PERSONS of artistic perception who have seen the huge memorial erected to commemorate the Battle of Leipzig describe it as a powerful reminder of the horrors of war.

The Peace Movement day by day. "Over £2,000,000 Chinese Treasury bonds have been taken over by Austrian State banks on condition that China orders a large cruiser in Austria."

Fortunately the United States gave way and admitted Mrs. PANKHURST on her undertaking to be of good behaviour while in that country. It is said, however, that the militant leader almost broke her word upon meeting Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL over there. The sight of a Cabinet Minister nearly proved too much for her, but, mastering herself with superb self-control, she simply said, "Quite like home, isn't it?"

Mrs. LLOYD GEORGE says that the motto of the Liberal Party ought to be, "Go on!" So long as its schemes do not come off the other Party has no objection to raise.

"One portion of Ireland," says an unconscious humourist in *The Daily Chronicle*, "already enjoys complete Home Rule. The inhabitants of Innismurry, an island off the coast of Sligo, have for many years defied collectors of both rates and taxes." Those who know the Irish peasant will tell you that this is just about what he imagines Home Rule to mean.

Referring in his Manchester speech to the Land question Mr. CHURCHILL said, "The policy of the Government will be laid before the people step by step." The staircase craze is apparently spreading from the Music Halls to Politics.

It is said that the enterprising proprietors of the Ideal Home Exhibition

offered Prince and Princess ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT the use of the Ideal Cottage at Olympia for their honeymoon, but the royal couple found it impossible to change plans already made.

"The Prince," says *The Dublin Evening Mail*, in an account of a shopping expedition by our heir apparent, "wore sprats and carried an umbrella." It does credit to the PRINCE's kind

"Small wonder," writes a gentleman from Notting Dale, "if our modern young men are slack, seeing the reward that is meted out to the strenuous ones," and he encloses with his letter a newspaper-cutting showing that Mr. PERCY FRANCIS HOWE, aged twenty, who was stated to have broken into no fewer than fifteen houses in the Balham district in one night, has been sent to prison for three years.



Countryman (seeing cyclist carrying motor tyre). "WE'D BETTER GET HOME ALONG AT ONCE, MARTHA; IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY'RE EXPECTIN' BIG FLOODS IN LUNNON. THAT'S THE THIRD CHAP I'VE SEEN TO-DAY WI' A LIFE-BELT ON."

heart to have carried an umbrella, but sprats, as a matter of fact, are quite used to getting wet.

With reference to the Exhibition, at the Grosvenor Gallery, of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, a correspondent, whose ignorance makes us blush for him, asks, "What is a Graver? Is he the same as a Monumental Mason?"

"HARROW FINDS A LOST DIAMOND RING."

—*Daily Express*.

Buck up, Eton!

It is satisfactory to know that the convict who recently escaped from Dartmoor does not blame the warders for his recapture, but attributes it to our wretched climate.

Funeral plumes for horses have been condemned by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and it has been notified that their use after January 1st will be punishable by fine. As a matter of fact we understand that female horses, at any rate, do not at all mind the discomfort of the feathers, holding that they improve a lady's appearance.

"The town crier of Devizes," we read, "has grown a parsnip 44½ inches long and of excellent shape." We hope now that he will stop crying.

"It is as a fearless sportsman that the Prince has won his most cherished laurels. He has... led his own horse past the winning-post."—*Daily Mail*.

It sounds like a walk-over.

From an advertisement in *The Liverpool Daily Post* :—

"REPERTORY THEATRE.

THE MOTHER,

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Press Opinions.

'*Daily Post*.'—'One regrets the misfortune of having to criticise it at all.'

We have not seen Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' play and therefore cannot say whether we should share *The Daily Post's* regrets; but we know the feeling well.

### GAME AND GOLF.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—“Supposing,” says the CHANCELLOR, “you turned the whole of a Highland deer forest into a golf course.” (He got mixed in the next sentence and talked of people shooting over it; but that is quite excusable when you think how an audience gets into his head.) Now, I should like him to know that not only did we convert an uncultivated deer park at Richmond into a golf course, but we added features which cannot fail to be of the greatest moral benefit to our members. Many of them are so devoted to duty that they can seldom find time to go abroad and see an Alp; year after year they used to miss the unique spiritual advantages which accrue from contemplation of nature in its more sublime and uplifting aspects. So we provided for this defect by the creation of mountainous scenery, range upon range, in the neighbourhood of every hole. The effect of this has been appreciably to raise the moral tone and culture of our members.

Yours faithfully, MID-SURREY.

DEAR SIR,—What is all this talk of LLOYD GEORGE's about golf as a natural attraction for brain-workers from the Stock Exchange? Is it implied that no intelligence is required of those who shoot game? Let me tell this political bagman that it takes more brains to pick off a couple of brace out of a covey of driven partridges, or to get within shooting distance of a stag (let alone hitting him), than to push a little rubber ball into a hole with nobody to stop you.

Yours indignantly,

SPORTSMAN.

HONOUR'D SIR,—I was makin a bit extry the other day doin a turn of beatin for Squire, when down the road comes one of these luksyoorious motor-cars. As a rule I ain't got much use for your rich Lunnon folk as comes messin up the place with their dust and smell, but this time I sees who it is, knowing him from his carrykatures. I touches my cap to him, bein Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who as my interests at eart. I'd hev given a lot to be lowed to stop him and arst him a question or two. Frinstance, what's this here forestation he talks about? Would it be the same as wot Squire does,—takin a bit of useless land and puttin in a plantation for his birds? Our Radical Member he says that it can't be the same, coz anything to do with pheasants must be wrong. Anyways, it's difficult for country folk to unnerstand these things same as the Lunnon folk; and I might hev picked up a

thing or two if I could hev ad an eart to eart talk with Mr. GEORGE in his motor. Yours respektful, HODGE.

DEAR SIR,—The CHANCELLOR has spoken in praise of golf, but has he realised the drain that it makes upon the resources of the brain-worker? I refer to the iniquitous charge for golf-balls, which still stands at the same figure—two shillings and sixpence—at which it stood when rubber was four or five times its present cost. Ninety-six millions of golf-balls are purchased every year, at an expenditure of twelve million pounds, yielding a profit of eight to ten million pounds to the bloated capitalists who manufacture them. This sum would go far to replace the damage done to crops by pheasants.

Yours, on the verge of ruin,

A POOR MAN.

P.S.—I have no means of checking the above figures, which came out of my head, but I give them for what they are worth.

SIR,—I once had a job as a market gardener near a big town. I liked the pay all right, but the work was on the heavy side. Well, a syndicate come along and buys up all the market gardens and acres and acres of cultivated land and turns them into a golf course. I lost my job, but I sees my chance of chippin in as a caddie. I gets a decent wage what with tips and that, and me and my mates has the best part of every day for lyin about and doin a bit of gamblin in a sort of a cow-shed. There ain't many softer jobs goin, and the life suits me nicely. I wouldn't change with a brother of mine who's got a stiff billet as a game-keeper. His pay's good, and he's got a kind master and a nice cottage, but he has to do more work than I should fancy, and no picture palaces of an evening. And now that Mr. GEORGE tells me what a dirty business this game-keepin is, compared with the noble sport of golf, I pities my brother from my heart. Give me my blind-alley, I says, and a good conscience.

Yours obedient, CASUAL CADDIE.

DEAR SIR,—Has Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, I wonder, ever heard of the deer forest owned (or rented) by the Municipality of Glasgow? I don't ask if he has ever seen it, for he admits that he has never seen one of these deer forests that he knows so much about; but has he ever heard of it? I have. I have often stalked in the neighbourhood, and many a time I have shuddered to picture the scenes of desolation that must have occurred at its making—hundreds of gallant pea-

sants driven from their happy homes where they had previously earned an honest competence by the sale of white heather; their desolate hearths laid waste by flame; their sporrans flung to the winds; the music of their bag-pipes rendered dumb. But let that pass. It is for the future prospects of the sturdy race that I tremble when I think of the possible realisation of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's dream; of “six hundred thousand” subscribers let loose on the hill with lethal weapons—not counting his “eighteen thousand workmen who would shoot regularly over the deer forest on payment of half-a-crown a year.” The carnage would be awful. Ulster would be nothing to it. I speak of human lives, not of stags. Indeed, my only solace is the thought that these serried battalions of sportsmen would be certain to push the astonished deer across the march into the forest of my host.

Yours, with mixed feelings,

O. S.

### OUT OF SEASON.

(One of the remarkable effects of the recent exceptional weather.)

In Autumn, when the woods are wet

And mournfully the breezes moan,

Love fades away without regret

From bosoms like my own.

Nature is tired, the grey skies weep,

The dormouse lulls himself to sleep,

The lamb, that used to frisk and leap,

Becomes a staid and stolid sheep,

And I leave girls alone.

Such is the normal course of things.

To-day the frenzy still remains,

The magic of a hundred Springs

Riots in all my veins.

Love masters me; his ardent flame

Quivers through my exhausted frame;

Friends, you have doubtless felt the same

When some rare April glamour came

To turn your sober brains.

September wrought this mood in me;

Her gleaming sun, her joyous air

Had all Spring's potent wizardry

(Which really wasn't fair);

October, faithless, joins the pact

And leaves my amorous fire intact.

Well, anyhow, I won't extract

A mean advantage from the fact—

Girls, you are warned. Beware.

One Party, anyhow, in Keighley, doesn't seem in very close touch with the Feminists.

“KEIGHLEY DIVISION  
HE UNIONIST CANDIDATE”  
announces *The Daily Telegraph*.



### THE WUNDERKIND.

ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ. "I HAVE THROWN COLD WATER, MAJESTY, ON MR. CHURCHILL'S HOLIDAY SCHEME. I TRUST THAT I HAVE RIGHTLY INTERPRETED THE VIEW OF THE CROWN PRINCE."





Passenger (suddenly to conductor). "I WISH—YOU'D—TELL—YOUR DRIVER NOT TO—JERK—THE 'BUS—WHEN PEOPLE ARE—GOING UPSTAIRS. HE 'LL CAUSE—AN ACCIDENT—ONE OF THESE DAYS!"

### THE IDEAL HOME.

(With apologies to the progressive organisers of the recent Exhibition at Olympia.)

"BEFORE the thing ends," I observed to my Lilian,  
"Let's hasten and see if it's true  
That the Fortunate Isles and the Vale of Avilion  
Are dumped at Olympia. Do."

And Lilian said, "Thos,  
Happy thought!" and it was;  
But that very same day it occurred to a million  
Intelligent Londoners too.

There were hangings and curtains and carpets and ranges  
For kitchens, and cauldrons and pots,  
And vacuum-cleaners and servant-exchanges,  
And toys for the infantile tots.

There were homes of the Russ  
Which would not do for us;  
There was furniture taken from futurist granges  
At Haniwell and similar spots.

There were baths with gold taps and a malachite stopper,  
And one with a card that explained  
It was open to all who expended a copper  
To fill it and try it. But, trained  
As we were in the rules  
Of Victorian schools,  
Neither Lilian nor I thought that that would be proper,  
And so we severely refrained.

There were rooms which suggested the time when the  
slattern  
Should trouble no longer, and all  
Should be comfort and peace in the empire of Saturn,  
But oh, it was hot in that hall!

And "Lilian," said I,

"I could drop. Let us buy

That brace of armchairs of a willowy pattern,  
And rest by the side of this stall."

But Lilian said "No." The implacable faces  
Of constables frowned. With a sob  
We turned us away from that palmy oasis  
And went and had tea for a bob.

That was helpful, no doubt,  
But before we got out  
Through the ranks of the ravenous, squealing for places,  
We all but expired in the mob.

"This is closer," said Lil, "than the bell of a diver."

"It's awful," I answered, "my sweet;  
Any room in this show would be dear at a fiver,  
Compared with our worst. Let us fleet."

So I hastened to nab  
A well-oiled taxicab,  
And "The Ideal Home," I remarked to the driver,  
And mentioned our number and street. EVOE.

Our learned contemporary, *Nature*, writing of the recent work of Lord RAYLEIGH, O.M., says that it is "no slight record for a man during the seventieth decade of his life." One would think that "O.M." stood for Old Methuselah.

"In the interval Watson had his best run of the afternoon, but, after rounding two or three opponents, he was brought low by Wilson."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

We ourselves once scored a try in the interval—everybody else being busy sucking lemons. After all, one must distinguish oneself somehow.

# **BLANCHE'S LETTERS.**

LATEST FASHIONS IN WEDDINGS,  
DANCES AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—There's quite a little feeling just now for being married in the City, especially if one's forebears have had anything to do with trade, or the old City Companies and so on. The power and prestige of the City, Norty tells me, are being threatened in a most odious way by certain persons, and the least we can do, to stem the tide and all that sort of thing, is to take some notice of the City, and be married there sometimes.

The best done City wedding, so far, has been Evangeline Merewether's (the Exshires' second girl) to Billy Flummery. The founder of the Exshire family was a City pickle merchant and Worshipful Master of the old Picklemakers' Company, and he founded the family by inventing a pickle of which QUEEN ELIZABETH said: "Marry come up, Master Merewether, thou hast given us a new joy with our victuals!"

The wedding was at St. Anne's-Picklebury, where the old pickle-makers always went on Sunday, a wonderful old church, built by WREN or somebody. It had been brightened up a bit inside, and was all done with capscums, and jerkins, and doubloons, and those other wonderful old vegetables they used to pickle. "Olga" had very cleverly hinted at City interests, royal approval, and successful pickle-making in the cut, hang and trimmings of Evangeline's bridal gown. Instead of posies, the bridesmaids carried little gilt baskets of small red pickling-cabbages. The wedding-breakfast was at a City hotel and we drank the dear old City toast, "All friends round St. Paul's," and when we got back into civilised regions again we all felt we'd done great things for the City at whatever cost to ourselves!

Nowadays, you know, at every possible function one must dance oneself or be the cause of dancing in others, as SHAKESPEARE says. The sweet Peruvian dance, the Inca Shuffle, and the equally lovely Bolivian Bollyooma are the dances of the moment, and, as the Inca Shuffle has 500 steps and the Bollyooma 700, and people who mean to be there or thereabouts must know

them both, one's time is pretty full. Special shoes have to be worn, of course. For the Inca shuffle one wears them with collapsible heels, as some of the steps are done without heels and others with, while for the Bollyooma the heels are placed right in the middle of the soles, so that one can do those delicious teetotum twirls. Part of the Bollyooma is done on all-fours, and for this one has the dearest little hand-shoes, which, of course, must match the other ones.

When Peggy Sandys and Lolly ffollyott were married last week at St. Hilary's, the Ramsgates sent out cards for a Bollyooma wedding, and Popsy Lady Ramsgate has been giving a series of Bollyooma dinners, a different step for each course, and the all-fours step for the dessert; and now the poor

bother, and, best of all, they don't grow up and make one seem old!" And he said some immensely fearful things of all the people I know, and banded out of the room; and, though the poor dear doll's Bollyooma lunch frock was a ruin, I don't know when I've liked Josiah so well. Perhaps if he'd stormed at me oftener we should have been what old-fashioned people call a more united couple.

There's a small rage just now for having one's photo done *crying*. Your Blanche set the fashion. I'm one of those lucky people, as you know, who can shed tears without looking absolutely ricky, and my new photo, my eyes cast down on a letter in my hand, and the tears just falling gently down my cheeks, has had a *succès fou*. It's been in ever so many of the weeklies,

and people have been simply awfully sweet about it. Babs and Beryl and quite several more have had weeping photos done since mine. Beryl's are pretty good, but Babs can't cry without making a face.

The letter I'm holding in the photo (this is for your own *own* ear only) was *really* the cause of my sheddingsometears, and on that occasion, seeing myself in the mirror *tout éplorée*, I thought I'd have a weeping photo done. The letter was from Beryl, asking me down to Clarges Park, where she'd a large party to



Wife of his Bosom. "GEORGE, COME OFF OF THEM SEATS, D'Y' 'EAR? THER'S THE WORST O' BRINGIN' YOU AHT, Y' NO SOONER GET A LOOK AT THE SWELLS THAN Y' START SWANKIN' IT ON THE PENNY CHAIRS!"

old dear has such a frightful attack of indy that she's forbidden to go anywhere or do anything!

A quite funny little thing happened yesterday. I was in my rest-room, having a cigarette and watching Yvonne dress my new doll (made to my order and just arrived from Paris) in all the correct things for a Bollyooma lunch, when Josiah came in. "Let me present you to Blanchette, my new pet," I said. "Isn't she a darling? She's being got ready to go to a Bollyooma lunch with me." My dear, he actually made quite a scene, sent Yvonne out of the room, threw Blanchette on the floor, and almost shouted, "What does it all mean? Has the world gone mad?" "My dear man," I answered, laughing, "the world went mad ages and ages ago. As for my poor dear doll, everybody has a doll now, and who am I that I should be different from the others? Dolls make the most ideal companions; they don't howl, they don't

meet Kloppa, the little forest-man who's been said to be the Missing Link between us and creatures, and I was so entirely wretched to think that I hadn't secured him first for my party at Broadacres that I cried!

When I felt better I asked Professor Dimsdale if Kloppa is *really* the Missing Link between us and creatures. "Certainly not," said the dear Professor; and then he asked me if I took an interest in anthro-something. I said, No, it wasn't that, but if he *wasn't* the Missing Link I shouldn't so much mind Beryl's having had him down at Clarges Park; and the Professor said Kloppa was certainly not the Missing Link, because there wasn't *any* Missing Link; so I suppose we go straight on. I thanked him for taking quite a load off my mind, and now I tell everyone who's been staying at Clarges that they *haven't* met the Missing Link, because there isn't one, and we go straight on. Ever thine, BLANCHE.

## A FALLEN STAR.

I MET him in Hyde Park. He was alone, sitting on one of the penny seats. I subsided into the next, wondering how soon his people would join him. Meanwhile I glanced at the paper.

Sitting there idly reading, and now and then stealing a glance at him, I was conscious of two things: one that he was asthmatic, and the other that he was profoundly unhappy. That he should be asthmatic was, of course, to be expected, but I did not like his melancholy.

Time passed, and no one arrived to look after him, and my paper was finished, and then, as I folded it up, he spoke. "Good afternoon," he said.

Why I was not astonished to be thus addressed by a pug dog I cannot say, but it seemed perfectly natural. "Good afternoon," I replied.

"It's a long time," he said, "since you saw any of my kind, I expect?"

"Now I come to think of it," I replied, "it is. How is that?"

"There's a reason," he said. "Put in a nutshell it's this: Peeks and Poms, or, if you like, Poms and Peeks." He wheezed horribly.

I asked him to be more explicit, and he amplified his epigram into Pekinese and Pomeranians.

"They're all the rage now," he explained; "and we're out in the cold. If you throw your memory back a dozen years or so," he went on, "you will recall our popularity."

As he spoke I did so. In the mind's eye I saw a sumptuous carriage and pair. The former was on C-springs, and a coachman and footman were on the box. They wore claret livery and cockades. The footman's arms were folded. His gloves were of a dazzling whiteness. The horses flung out their forelegs as though they lived on golden oats and champagne. In the carriage was an elderly commanding lady with an aristocratic nose; and in her lap was a pug dog of plethoric habit and a face as black as your hat.

My poor friend was watching me with streaming eyes. "What do you see?" he asked.

I told him.

"There you are," he said; "and what do you see to-day? There, look!"

I glanced up at his bidding, and a costly motor was gliding smoothly by. It weighed several tons, and its tyres were like circular pillows. On its shining door was a crest. The chauffeur was kept warm by Russian sables. Inside was another elderly lady, and in her arms was a russet Pekinese.

"And the next 'll have a Pom," said the pug dismally, and wheezed again.



Country Doctor's Housemaid. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MRS. JONES HAS SENT TO SAY MR. JONES IS DEAD, AND SHE'S BEARIN' UP WONDERFUL."

"So you see what I took away with me," he continued after a noisy pause. "It wasn't only pugs that went, you see. It was carriages and pairs, and the noise of eight hoofs all at once, and footmen with folded arms. We passed together. Peeks, Poms and Petrol took our place."

I sympathised with him. "You must transfer your affection to another class, that's all," I said. "If the nobs have gone back on you, there are still a great many pug-lovers left."

"No," he said, "that's no good; we want chicken. No, we had better become extinct." He wept like a number of syphons all leaking together.

"But that's not what worries me most," he resumed. "The thing that's on my mind is the loss to literature. The novelists of our time—and we had a long innings—knew our worth. When they drew a duchess with her ebony crutch-stick and all the rest of it, they saw that her constant ally, her Grand Vizier, so to speak, was properly drawn

too. They made us too fat very often, but they did not forget us. We shall never find our way into novels any more. We are back numbers."

At this moment the man who has charge of the chairs came up for my penny, and when I looked round the dog had gone. I gave the penny.

"I'm afraid I must charge you two-pence," the man said.

I asked him why.

"For the dog," he said.

"But it wasn't mine," I assured him.

"It was a total stranger."

"Come now," he said; and to save trouble I paid him.

But how like a pug!

From "Thoughts for To-day" in *The Dublin Evening Mail*:—

"The cow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human nature subsist without recreation.—CERVANTES."

Advice to Farmers: Do not bend your cows.

## UNCLE EDWARD.

CELIA has more relations than would seem possible. I am gradually getting to know some of them by sight and a few more by name, but I still make mistakes. The other day, for instance, she happened to mention Uncle Godfrey.

"Godfrey," I said, "Godfrey. No, don't tell me—I shall get it in a moment. Godfrey . . . Yes, that's it; he's the architect. He lives at Liverpool, has five children and sent us the asparagus-cooler as a wedding present."

"No marks," said Celia.

"Then he's the unmarried one in Scotland who breeds terriers. I knew I should get it."

"As a matter of fact he lives in London and composes oratorios."

"It's the same idea. That was the one I meant. The great point is that I placed him. Now give me another one." I leant forward eagerly.

"Well, I was just going to ask you—have you arranged anything about Monday?"

"Monday," I said, "Monday. No don't tell me—I shall get it in a moment. Monday . . . He's the one who—Oh, you mean the day of the week?"

"Who's a funny?" asked Celia of the teapot.

"Sorry, I really thought you meant another relation. What am I doing? I'm playing golf if I can find somebody to play with."

"Well, ask Edward."

I could place Edward at once. Edward, I need hardly say, is Celia's uncle; one of the ones I have not yet met. He married a very young aunt of hers, not much older than Celia.

"But I don't know him," I said.

"It doesn't matter. Write and ask him to meet you at the golf club. I'm sure he'd love to."

"Wouldn't he think it rather cool, this sudden attack from a perfectly unknown nephew? I fancy the first step ought to come from uncle."

"But you're older than he is."

"True. It's rather a tricky point in etiquette. Well, I'll risk it."

This was the letter I sent to him:—

"MY DEAR UNCLE EDWARD,—Why haven't you written to me this term? I have spent the five shillings you gave me when I came back; it was awfully ripping of you to give it me, but I have spent it now. Are you coming down to see me this term? If you aren't you might write to me, there is a post-office here where you can change postal orders.

"What I really meant to say was, can you play golf with me on Monday at Mudbury Hill? I am your new and favourite nephew, and it is quite time

we met. Be at the club-house at 2.30, if you can. I don't quite know how we shall recognise each other, but the well-dressed man in the nut-brown suit will probably be me. My features are plain but good, except where I fell against the bath-taps yesterday. If you have fallen against anything which would give me a clue to your face you might let me know. Also you might let me know if you are a professor at golf; if you are, I will read some more books on the subject between now and Monday. Just at the moment my game is putrid.

"Your niece and my wife sends her love. Good-bye. I was top of my class in Latin last week. I must now stop, as it is my bath-night."

"I am, Your loving NEPHEW."

The next day I had a letter from my uncle:—

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I was so glad to get your nice little letter and to hear that you were working hard. Let me know when it is your bath-night again; these things always interest me. I shall be delighted to play golf with you on Monday. You will have no difficulty in recognizing me. I should describe myself roughly as something like Apollo and something like Edmund Payne, if you know what I mean. It depends how you come up to me. I am an excellent golfer and never take more than two putts in a bunker.

"Till 2.30 then. I enclose a postal-order for sixpence, to see you through the rest of the term."

"Your favourite Uncle, EDWARD."

I showed it to Celia.

"Perhaps you could describe him more minutely," I said. "I hate wandering about vaguely and asking everybody I see if he's my uncle. It seems so odd."

"You're sure to meet all right," said Celia confidently. "He's—well, he's nice-looking and—and clean-shaven—and, oh, you'll recognize him."

At 2.30 on Monday I arrived at the club-house and waited for my uncle. Various people appeared, but none seemed in want of a nephew. When 2.45 came there was still no available uncle. True, there was one unattached man reading in a corner of the smoke-room, but he had a moustache—the sort of heavy moustache one associates with a Major.

At three o'clock I became desperate. After all, Celia had not seen Edward for some time. Perhaps he had grown a moustache lately; perhaps he had grown one specially for to-day. At any rate there would be no harm in asking this Major man if he was my uncle. Even if he wasn't he might give me a game of golf.

"Excuse me," I said politely, "but are you by any chance my Uncle Edward?"

"I don't think so," he said with an air of apology.

"I was almost certain you weren't, but I thought I'd just ask. I'm sorry."

"Not at all. Naturally one wants to find one's uncle. Have you—er—lost him long?"

"Years," I said sadly. "Er—I wonder if you would care to adopt me—I mean, give me a game this afternoon. My man hasn't turned up."

"By all means. I'm not very good."

"Neither am I. Shall we start now? Good."

I was sorry to miss Edward, but I wasn't going to miss a game of golf on such a lovely day. My spirits rose. Not even the fact that there were no caddies left, and I had to carry my own clubs, could depress me.

The Major drove. I am not going to describe the whole game; though my cleek shot at the fifth hole, from a hanging lie to within two feet of the— However, I mustn't go into that now. But it surprised the Major a good deal. And when at the next hole I laid my brassie absolutely dead, he— But I can tell you about that some other time. It is sufficient to say now that, when we reached the seventeenth tee, I was one up.

We both played the seventeenth well. He was a foot from the hole in four. I played my third from the edge of the green, and was ridiculously short, giving myself a twenty-foot putt for the hole. Leaving my clubs I went forward with the putter, and by the absurdest luck pushed the ball in.

"Good," said the Major. "Your game."

I went back for my clubs. When I turned round the Major was walking carelessly off to the next tee, leaving the flag lying on the green and my ball still in the tin.

"Slacker," I said to myself, and walked up to the hole.

And then I had a terrible shock. I saw in the tin, not my ball, but a— a moustache!

"Am I going mad?" I said. "I could have sworn that I drove off with a 'Colonel,' and yet I seem to have holed out with a Major's moustache!" I picked it up and hurried after him.

"Major," I said, "excuse me, you've dropped your moustache. It fell off at the critical stage of the match; the shock of losing was too much for you; the strain of—"

He turned his clean-shaven face round and grinned at me.

"I am your long-lost uncle."

A. A. M.

## THE FREAK ADVERTISEMENT—WHAT IT MAY COME TO.



GOOD NEWS FOR USERS OF SIMPKIN'S SCALP INVIGORATOR. ON NOVEMBER 5TH FREE BARBERING IN LUDGATE CIRCUS. DON'T MISS "SIMPkin's-DAY" IN THE CITY.



4-7 CONCENTRATED SYRUP OF BEEF-EATERS' DAY. SATURDAY NEXT. REAL COWS GIVEN AWAY TO BONA FIDE CONSUMERS. WEAR THE SYRUP SMILE AND WIN A COW.



### THE CHOICE.

*Sportsman.* "WELL, I BELIEVE I'VE GOT A BIRD DOWN ABOUT HALF-A-MILE BACK, AND I KNOW THERE'S AN EXCELLENT LUNCH READY IN THE BARN THERE."

### THE INFINITUDE OF COMMONPLACE.

BY A WILCOX-WORSHIPPER.

[*"The charm of her verse is in itself a sufficient refutation of the ridiculous assumption that the appeal of poetry has passed. There may have been poets who have essayed to sing in a more sublime strain. But the very fact that Mrs. Wilcox points us to the infinitude of the commonplace proves how completely she has identified herself with what must be the mission of all art, and especially poetry, in the future."*—R. DIMSDALE STOCKER.]

*(The gifted authoress speaks.)*

I WILL be kind. Though idiots often madly  
Rush in where expert angels never tread,  
I will endure their wild incursions gladly  
And cheerfully bind up each broken head.  
There is no vital use in being bitter;  
There is no joy in acrimonious jeers;  
There is more virtue in a simple titter  
Than in a wilderness of clever sneers.

I will be strong. There is no room for weakness.  
The feeble folk go to the wall at length;  
And I should never have achieved uniqueness  
But for a brain of quite colossal strength.  
Yet must I never use it as a tyrant,  
Or trample on the unobtrusive toad,  
But rather stimulate the young aspirant  
To tread with fearless feet the upward road.

I will be sane. Although a bard has written  
Great wits to madness closely are allied,  
Madmen at large, or men by mad dogs bitten,  
Are deleterious to the countryside.  
But short of madness there are many mortals  
Who frequently betray a mental twist,  
And, if they entered an asylum's portals,  
Indubitably never would be missed.

I will be sweet. Though salt is sometimes tonic  
There is no balsam in the boundless brine,  
And in a soil where saline streaks are chronic  
The kindly fruits of nature peak and pine.  
Mine be the noble task to chant and chirrup  
In numbers honey-sweet for man's relief,  
To ease the cosmic ill with soothing syrup  
And sugar-coat the acrid pill of grief.

I will be good. The high-born and the haughty  
By sin are whelmed in dark, untimely doom;  
NAPOLEON, though magnificent, was naughty,  
And closed his life in exile and in gloom.  
Great prelates, too, unworthy of the mitre,  
Have smirched their fame by deeds of ill report;  
And SAPPHO, though a meritorious writer,  
Would not, I think, have been received at Court.

I will be great. Some lives are all sedateness,  
And some like sabres in their scabbards rust,  
And some tremendous souls are born to greatness,  
And some again have greatness on them thrust.  
My place is with the third; sent as a healer,  
To mitigate mankind's momentous lot,  
I shall endure, the only ELLA WHEELER,  
When even MARTIN TUPPER is forgot.

A testimonial from the catalogue of a Live Fish Company:—

"Dear Sir,—We are so delighted with the delicious fish of this morning and we are very much obliged to you for same. Kindly send in bill as often as you like."

This is just the line we have often taken ourselves with regard to our own commodities, but it has never been popular.



### THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

MR. ASQUITH (waiting for the "patter" to finish). "THIS IS THE PART THAT MAKES ME NERVOUS!"





### A WANT OF TACT.

"OH—ER—I WANT THIS PHOTOGRAPH FRAMED. I WANT IT DONE VERY NICELY, WITH A CREAM MOUNT AND A GOLD——"  
 "YES, MISS; I UNDERSTAND, MISS; EXACTLY SIMILAR TO THE LAST, MISS."

### ONCE UPON A TIME. WASTE.

ONCE upon a time there were three toadstools. They were not the fat brown ones like buns with custard underneath, or the rich crimson ones with white spots, or the delicate purple ones. They were merely small white ones, a good deal more like mushrooms than it was quite fair to make them.

They sprang up within a few inches of each other, and with every moment added to their stature, and, as they grew, they discussed life in all its branches and planned for themselves distinguished careers . . .

The eldest was not more than eighteen hours old, which is a good age for a toadstool, when an angry boy on his way home from the village school kicked him into smithereens for not being a mushroom—which is the toadstool's unpardonable sin.

The younger brothers, watching the tragedy, vowed to fulfil their destiny with better success than that and forth-

with they prepared a placard that ran as follows (in a form of words which was not perhaps strictly original, but, like most of the jokes at which audiences laugh, was none the worse for that):—

TO THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY  
OF TOADLAND.  
YOU WANT THE BEST SEATS.  
WE HAVE THEM.

Having placed this notice in a prominent position they waited.

For some time nothing happened, and then an extremely portly and aristocratic toad, with eyes of burning amber and one of the most decorative waistcoats out of Bond Street, waddled towards the expectant brothers, read the advertisement, and sat heavily down on the nearer of them. I need hardly say that the stool was crushed to pieces beneath his weight, while the toad himself sustained, as the papers say, more than a few contusions, and was in a disgusting temper.

It was not long afterwards that a

small girl, who had been sent out by her mother to pick mushrooms, added the surviving brother to her basket with a little cry of triumph. "What a beauty!" she said, and hurried home with the prize.

But her mother was very sharp about it. "Do you want us all in our graves?" she said as she picked the toadstool up and flung it into the ashbin.

"And not even the satisfaction of poisoning any one!" he murmured as life left him.

From the report of a lecture in *The Birkenhead News*:—

"The modern tongue is capable, in competent hands, of rendering the subtlest distinctions of thought, feeling, and imagination."

Hence the expression to "hold the tongue."

"EX-SHAEPHOENOMINOLOGY.

Second Edition enlarged."

"Times" Literary Supplement.

Yet pessimists continue to complain that it is a frivolous age.

**MR. PUNCH'S FOOTBALL EXPERTS.**

ALTHOUGH Mr. Punch has watched with sympathy the spirited policy of one of his contemporaries in employing such authorities on the winter game as Lady HELEN FORBES and Mr. PETT RIDGE to report football matches, he feels that the scheme is capable of development. There are others able and willing to let the public have pictures of the game they love so well. Graphic accounts of last Saturday's matches by some of his own corps of special reporters are appended:—

BERMONDSEY HORNETS

v.

HANLEY WOLVES.

By

D-V-D LL-YD G--RGE.

Hornets 2. Wolves 0.

I am a comparatively poor man, but, if I were half as poor as the work in front of goal of the Hanley Wolves, I should be tempted to give up the Stock Exchange altogether as too risky. It was this, combined with the spectacle of that great track of uncultivated land (land which might have been congested with happy and prosperous agriculturists), that spoiled my Saturday afternoon. And this is going on all over the country, while British labourers emigrate to America. I spoke to a Bermondsey farmer after the match, and he gave me some figures which appalled me. Every footballer destroys twenty turnips a day. You cannot have half-backs and agricultural prosperity. You must choose between outside rights and inside wrongs. I looked into the housing of the spectators. In many cases whole families were packed into a space which a sardine would have considered inadequate. I saw ten reporters huddled together in a single room. I have no remedy to suggest. I merely mention the facts.

PLYMOUTH TIGERS

v.

NEWCASTLE CORPORALS.

By

W-NST-N CH-RCH-LL.

Tigers 2. Newcastle 2.

The pointless struggle between these two great teams, the third in three successive matches, encourages me to think that the time is now ripe for some sane arrangement for the reduction of excessive armaments. For years team-building has gone on

between these two football-centres with ever-increasing activity. In 1909, the Tigers spent £3,501 19s. 3d. on their front line. Newcastle replied by purchasing Scotsmen to the value of £4,002 18s. 5d. In 1910, Newcastle paid over six thousand pounds for backs of the Dreadnought class. The Tigers responded by laying down a new goal-keeper at a cost of well into the seventh thousand. And so it has gone on ever since. Now, the proposal which I put forward in the name of His Majesty's Government is simply this. Let Plymouth say to Newcastle: "If you will put off buying centre-forwards for twelve months from the ordinary date when you would have opened negotiations with the slave-dealers, we will put off buying half-backs in absolutely good faith for exactly the same period." That would mean

serve, so long will this inane state of things continue. Women are not permitted to become members of First League teams. What is the result? Idiotic and ineffectual struggles like Saturday's at Leytonstone. These footballers do not know the rudiments of warfare. Not a single member of either eleven carried with him on to the field a bomb, a horse-whip or even a hat-pin. There was an autocratic official who, I believe, is known as the referee. I saw this man blow his whistle and refuse to allow one burly player a goal which he had scored. What did the player, the craven, do? Did he hunger-strike, like a man of spirit? No, he took it lying down. For the rest, the Hotstuffs wear rather sweet shirts, pink relieved with a green insertion; and the Tuesday Afternoons' goal-keeper has a nice face.

**HINTS TO MILLIONAIRES.**

HAVE A TAXIMETER FITTED TO YOUR PRIVATE CAR FOR THE BENEFIT OF SOME CHARITABLE OBJECT AND SEND THE TOTAL REGISTERED EACH DAY TO THE CHARITY.

that there would be a complete holiday for one year between Plymouth and Newcastle. The relative strength of the two teams would be absolutely unchanged.

SHEFFIELD TUESDAY AFTERNOON

v.

LEYTONSTONE HOTSTUFFS.

By

S-LV-A P-NKH-RST.

Tuesday Afternoons 0. Hotstuffs 0.

The crude exhibition of masculine fatuity which attracted 30,000 prejudiced males to Leytonstone on Saturday ended, as one might have foreseen, in a result which was no result—a result as negative and fruitless as the Government's opposition to the Cause. A pointless draw, I heard it called by one man. Another, a moment later, stated that each side had secured a point. Can anything better illustrate the futilities and contradictions of this man-made sport? As long as football is confined to one sex, as long as Man guards it jealously as his special pre-

**"THINGS I CANNOT FORGET."**

(Published to-day.)

THIS charming and brilliant volume of reminiscences, issued by Mr. Goodleigh Chump, is the work of that universal favourite, Mr. "Hobby" Binns, the brother of that distinguished American publicist, Senator Binns, and forms an agreeable pendant to the volume which recently emanated from the cultured pen of Mr. FREDERICK MARTIN.

Wealthy, cultivated, and accomplished, Mr. Binns has travelled everywhere and met everybody—at least everybody who is also somebody. His recollections range from Mr. GLADSTONE to LOLA MONTEZ, and they have the merit of being expressed in an admirably vivid style, as the following extracts will abundantly prove. For example, when Mr. Binns asked Mr. GLADSTONE whether he was an Anti-Semite, the G.O.M. replied, "How could I be when my name is a translation of Gluckstein and my favourite fish is salmon?" And yet there are those who say that Mr. GLADSTONE had no sense of humour!

Mr. Binns, staunch republican though he is, is never happier than when he is discussing royal or imperial personages. There is nothing more charming in the book than the following touching anecdote of the venerable Emperor of AUSTRIA:—

"The Emperor of AUSTRIA-HUNGARY was at Biarritz in the 'nineties, and I can just remember once receiving a despairing note from Mrs. Hunter Tufton,



### CHRONIQUE SCANDALEUSE.

Gossip (at top of her voice as tube train rushes along). "WHY DO I STOP TALKING AT THE STATIONS? MY GOOD GIRL, DO YOU SUPPOSE I WANT EVERYBODY TO HEAR ALL ABOUT AUNT SOPHIE AND THE CHAUFFEUR?"

bidding me come to her villa at once. 'Dear old Hobby,' she wrote, 'I am in the deuce of a fix. The EMP. proposes to dine with me to-morrow night, and I've only fourteen footmen. For the love of goodness send me a few of your men.' I sent back word at once that I should be delighted to send six of my men, who were all much pleased at the idea of serving the EMPEROR. On the evening all went well until the sorbet was served, when my head valet lost his nerve and upset the sorbet down the back of the EMPEROR'S neck. My man began to sob and cry, saying, 'For Heaven's sake forgive me, Sire; I have a wife and five small children.' FRANZ JOSEF then, as always, behaved like a perfect gentleman. He turned to the man, who was ashen-grey with fright, and said, 'Nunquam mens, old cocky; it wasn't your fault. I leaned back just at the wrong moment. Say no more about it;' and in ten minutes he had changed into another uniform and was back again at the dinner-table as if nothing had happened. My man's comment to me afterwards was thoroughly

characteristic: 'Oh! Sir, fancy an Emperor being so considerate. Why, he might have cut my head off on the spot!'"

### OUR TAINTED EDUCATION.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "Paterfamilias," but whom we believe to be nothing of the sort, writes to protest against the introduction of politics into the school teaching of the present day. "The English History lesson," he very truly says, "has long been a medium for disseminating the particular political opinions of the teacher; and, in arithmetic, sums involving a mental struggle with exports and imports are, in my opinion, to be gravely suspected. I need hardly add that a vast amount of criticism of the War Office can be introduced into half-an-hour's lesson in geography. And the evil continues to spread.

"Not very long ago I discovered my youngest child in the bathroom moistening a postage stamp with a bath-sponge, because she had been instructed at school that microbes lurk

in the gum of stamps and that to lick them imperils the health. I wrote at once a strong letter to her schoolmistress, objecting to the unloading of this pernicious political nonsense on to the immature intelligence of a child of tender years, and a somewhat curt reply came back to the effect that it was not politics at all, but hygiene!

"Yesterday my son came home from school full of new facts about what his schoolmaster is pleased to call natural history. But, Sir, only a brief questioning sufficed to reveal that under the guise of nature-study my child is learning some of the most dangerous political doctrines of the day, especially those relating to the foodstuffs in favour among the feathered dwellers in our woods and copses.

"Hygiene and natural history, forsooth! Ten minutes in almost any railway compartment in the country are surely enough to convince anybody with a pair of ears that such matters, far from being merely associated with hygiene and natural history, have become the very life-blood of the politics of our time."

## THE PATIENT.

"No, Francesca," I said, "I will not."

"What, you won't take your medicine?"

"No, nothing shall induce me even to look at it."

"But is that wise?"

"No, it is probably the height of folly, but I am beyond caring for that. I have a gnawing pain in my—Ow-ow, there it is again—in my right big toe, and you choose that moment to talk to me about medicine. Is that tactful? Francesca, I had expected better things of you."

"But Dr. Willett said it would relieve you."

"How can he know?" I said. "I have had one dose of his hateful fluid, and I'm sure it has thrown me back a whole week."

"Oh, my dear," said Francesca, "how can you possibly tell?"

"And, if I can't tell, who can? Dr. Willett can't. I, at any rate, can *feel* what it does to me. It gives me cold shudders up and down my back and makes me want to cry. Can that be a good result?"

"Did you really want to cry?" she said with some interest.

"I did," I said. "I often do want to, but I restrain myself. I have one of those stern and unbending natures—Ow-ow, it's got me again. Francesca, can't you do something? Must you stand there and smile?"

"I will banish my smile," she said, "since it seems to distress you; but I was thinking of your stern and unbending nature."

"And now," I said bitterly, "you are—how shall I express it?—you are quoting me against myself. You are chopping straws with a miserable invalid who is nailed to his bed and cannot lift a foot to defend himself. Is that generous? Is it even just? Great Heavens, Francesca, how do you suppose a big toe like mine can endure to have straws chopped at it? Oh, oh."

"There," she said, "I knew you'd do yourself harm if you got excited."

"I was never calmer in my life," I said.

"Then this is the moment for smoothing your pillow and helping you to put on your flannel jacket."

"You shall smooth my pillow, if you like; but you shall not speak of my old rowing coat as a flannel jacket."

"Certainly not," she said, "if you object. We women have no sense of the dignity of things, have we?"

"Now you are getting peevish," I said. "I cannot bear people to be peevish. And, as to my old rowing coat, I simply couldn't face it in this condition. It would be a mockery."

"But it will keep you warm," she said; and with a few deft movements she robbed me in it.

"There," she said, "you'll be more comfortable now."

"If you think so, Francesca, you deceive yourself. I have not been at all comfortable, and therefore I cannot be more comfortable. That stands to reason."

"I know," she said. "It is a shame."

"Yes, it is. I wonder why I of all men should have the gout."

"Oh," she said cheerfully, "that's easily answered. Dinners, you know, and champagne and port. I'm told they're all deadly."

"And that," I said, "shows how you misjudge me."

"But you have had some dinners, you know."

"Only one a day, and that a meagre one."

"And you have drunk some port and champagne."

"A thimbleful here and there," I said. "How can that matter?"

"But Dr. Willett—"

"I will not have Dr. Willett thrown in my teeth."

"Well, he has to examine your tongue, you know."

"Francesca, your jests are ill-timed. I want you to realize that my gout is not rich man's gout, due to excess in eating and drinking. It is poor man's gout, due to under-feeding and over-working and worry."

"They all say that," said Francesca. "Sir William Bowles is most emphatic about his gout, and Charlie Carter always tells me he can't make out why he should have it, living such a simple life as he does."

"There you are, you see. The men who ought to know best all agree with me."

"Not a bit of it," she said. "They both said they quite understood why *you* had the gout, with your City dinners and all that."

"I despise them and their opinions."

"That's right. It'll do you good. And now I must go out. I've got to see Mrs. Hollister."

"Francesca," I said, "you are going to desert me for a Hollister?"

"Well," she said, "I'm sure you ought to rest. You've been talking a great deal."

"I have scarcely," I said, "opened my mouth. However, if you must go, go at once."

"Shall I send Frederick in to entertain you?"

"No," I said, "I am not up to Frederick, though he is only six years old."

"He is a very intelligent boy."

"That's just it," I said. "He's too intelligent. He has suddenly developed a passion for the multiplication table. He would ask me eleven times eleven, or eleven times twelve, and I should not be able to answer. I am afraid he would cease to respect me."

"Very well," she said, "I will withdraw Frederick, but only on condition that you take your medicine."

"Bah!" I said.

"Just one good gulp will do it . . . There, it wasn't so bad after all, was it?"

"Francesca," I said, "it was simply execrable."

R. C. L.

## THE PERFECT SMOKE.

(A Hint to Young Men.)

I NEVER loved the baleful briar-wood,  
Nor longed for any herb but asphodel,  
But then they said it did the system good,  
Nerves and all that. I bought a pipe—and fell.  
Pale and alone I sucked the sacred reed;  
I drew deep breaths, and chunks of fragrant weed  
Swept through the orifice, a good old feed,  
And golden juice from some perennial well.

A cold, cold sweat stood wanly on my brow,  
Yet still I plied its vile unnatural cause.  
While hardened smokers came and showed me how,  
And took great pains to tell me all their laws—  
How such a herb was fit for men more skilled,  
And such was mild, or hot or opium-filled;  
I hated it—and them—and yet, weak-willed,  
Held ever some foul tube between my jaws.

For, while I hated, habit held me tight,  
Till soon I saw the essence of the show  
Was, after all, to keep the thing afloat—  
And why need that impair the vitals so?  
One can have all—the something hard to chew,  
The something (not too difficult) to do—  
Yet never draw the fatal juices through,  
Nor die of smoker's heart. *You simply blow.*



## DETACHMENT.

Albert (always eager to improve himself). "AUNTIE, WAS KATHARINE OF ARAGON THE FIFTH OR SIXTH WIFE OF HENRY THE EIGHTH?"

## OUR COUNTRY DIARY.

(By the "Rural On-looker.")

Saturday, October 25th, 1913.—The reference made by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in the opening speech of the Land Campaign, to the serious depredations made by pheasants has brought me a huge mass of correspondence. I understand that among economists this statement is generally regarded as the most arresting and important item in all that terrible indictment. But I am myself more closely in touch with sportsmen and naturalists, who also have much to say upon the subject. I have, for instance, a letter from a Highland Laird who writes (from his castle on the Wee Wheen Saft Estate, near the Yetts of Drumtoolie):—"The habits of black-game in this district have often been a source of considerable surprise to visiting naturalists. During the month of September they would seem to subsist almost entirely upon a diet of mushrooms, and they frequently approach quite close to the house in their voracious search for this succulent

fungus. We often pot them from the bedroom windows on wet afternoons. But reformers are beginning to feel that some compensation is due to the school-children who, if they cannot bring home to their mothers the customary supplies, will naturally be deprived of their winter ketchup."

"Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's statement does not surprise me in the least," writes "An Old Naturalist" from Ballyfolly, Co. Down. "Anyone who has ever seen the wild duck in this district gathering up the butter-cups on the lawn after a shower of rain will have no difficulty at all in accepting it."

"Small Holder" writes from Kent to the effect that he has never suffered any inconvenience from pheasants; and the CHANCELLOR, in his opinion, is entirely upon the wrong tack. What he wants is adequate protection—or compensation, or both—in the matter of the depredations of badgers. It is perfectly heart-rending, he says, to observe them at work, digging up potatoes.

"Let the whole matter be fully ventilated," demands a certain Market

Gardener (who writes from The Day Nurseries, Chorley-cum-Bootle). "I can tell you I am running up a pretty bill for scarecrows this season. Business is becoming almost impossible owing to the prevalence of coveys of grouse in the strawberry beds."

That the CHANCELLOR's powerful words have not been spoken in vain is already made sufficiently clear by the sudden and startling advance in the price of wire-netting.

"Advertiser seeks birth in wine cellars."

Advt. in "Wine and Spirit Trade Record."

To be born in the purple vats, with a silver corkscrew in his mouth—how it must appeal to Advertiser.

"Assistant master wanted for private school in Germany; salary £84; Germany unnecessary."—Advt. in "Manchester Guardian."

Perhaps; but still, there she is.

"A very picturesque note was lent by a corps of Lascar seamen from the Anchor Line in their blue native costumes and red turbans."

Journal of Commerce.

Both picturesque and appropriate.

## AT THE PLAY.

"BETWEEN SUNSET AND DAWN."  
"THE GREEN COCKATOO."

SEVEN hours by the directions in the programme—actually less than two hours by stage reckoning—seem, perhaps, a short allowance of time for a man to make his first acquaintance with a woman, become intimate with her to the length of Christian names, propose elopement, change his mind, and then stab her fatally in the back. But things move fast in a doss-house, where the hesitations and circumlocutions of ordinary life are apt to be ignored; and matters may be still further accelerated when one of the parties happens to be mad.

The real trouble was that nobody, except, perhaps, the madman himself, was in the secret of his mental estrangement. Looking back, one recognises certain indications of it; but at the time, unfamiliar as we were with the accepted manners of a doss-house management, we assumed that the opprobrious terms in which *Jim Harris* addressed his mother, constantly offering to "wring her — neck," represented the ordinary filial attitude towards a gin-sodden parent in these circles. I admit that a drunken acquaintance of his did hint that *Jim* was an eccentric, but as, at the same time, he referred contemptuously to his habit of reading books, we merely took this to be the author's satire upon a society in which a taste for culture was regarded as a sign that its owner was not all there.

Some, again, might have suspected his sanity when he was prepared with an easy conscience to run away with another man's wife, but was put off by the fact that she had told her husband a lie about his feelings for her. Personally, I trace no indication of madness in this nice distinction on a point of honour. Indeed, I found so much method in the madness of his final act that it seemed to me the most reasonable solution of the difficulty. It was impossible to let her return to the savagery of her legal husband; and, since it was unthinkable that she should be allowed to go on the streets, the only alternative was that he should go off with her, a scheme from which her instincts had always revolted, and which had been abandoned by him on the ground of her proved capacity for lying. So he killed her, in the certain knowledge that he was saving her from a life of horror or shame, and in the vague hope that he was sending her straight to heaven, and might possibly follow her by way of the gallows.

One was reminded of the spiritual sanity that inspired the madman in

BROWNING's poem, *Porphyria's Lover*, where the girl's soul is saved by the killing of her body:—

"I found  
A thing to do, and all her hair  
In one long yellow string I wound  
Three times her little throat around  
And strangled her."

Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL has become so habituated to the brutal method, of which he is a past master, that he finds difficulty in relaxing his facial muscles to the semblance of amorous infatuation. But this only lent an air of



BETWEEN 9.45 AND 11 P.M.

(1) Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL, as *Jim Harris*, does his great knife-in-the-back feat.

(2) Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL, as *Henry*, does it again.

naturalness to what, in the play, purported to be a first essay in love-making. It seemed to me a very intelligent performance, but then—and I say it without boastfulness—experience has given me no standard of doss-house manners to go by. Mr. EDMOND BREON, as *Bill Higgins*, the drunken husband, looked the part to admiration. Miss ADA KING was an astoundingly lifelike figure as *Mrs. Harris*, and, whether or not the name was chosen by design, there is no doubt that the imaginary bosom-friend of *Sairy Gamp* has now become incarnate. But my deepest gratitude I reserve for Miss MAY

BLAYNEY, in the part of *Liz Higgins*. Here we did not simply say, "This looks like a clever piece of play-acting, a *tour de force* in something outside the common experience"; rather we felt, by an intuition which responded to her own, that she had merged her personality in that of the woman, body and soul.

*The Green Cockatoo*, a "grotesque" in one Act, which followed this grim little tragedy in the "Grand Guignol" vein, was the name of a subterranean tavern in Paris which the aristocracy used to frequent for the joy of meeting various desperadoes, who recounted the story of their crimes. Actually they were just innocent mummies who flattered themselves that they were imposing upon the credulity of their audience, though the *habitués* of the place had, of course, got beyond the stage of deception.

Among the actors is a certain *Henry*, who has just married a notorious courtesan of the stage, and proposes to lead the simple life with her in the provinces. He comes in to tell how he has found his wife intriguing with the *Duc de Cadignan* and has killed that nobleman. The old hands in the stage-audience regard his performance as a very fine sample of histrionics; but so circumstantial and probable is his story that we in the other audience are left in doubt whether he has not been giving us a slice of actual life. Meanwhile *Henry* learns from the evidence of an actual criminal (who happens to find himself in this atmosphere of imagined crime and can't get anyone to listen to his true tale of murder) that at least a part of his story is true: that his wife has indeed been unfaithful to him. At this moment the alleged corpse enters, less concerned about his love-affair than about the Revolutionary mob that holds the streets outside. *Henry* at once plants a knife in his betrayer's back (Mr. MCKINNEL's second mortal blow with the same weapon in the same quarter of the anatomy during the course of one evening), and in the popular enthusiasm provoked by the announcement of the fall of the Bastille his act is regarded as a sound and citizenlike piece of work.

An excellent little drama, full of colour and movement, and with a nice ironic blend of comedy and tragedy, but perhaps rather complicated and overcrowded (there are two-and-twenty characters) for a one-Act play. O. S.

## Commercial Candour.

"What Ho! She Bumps (a slang expression) aptly describes the running of the — car."  
Advt. in "Ceylon Morning Leader."



Motorist (who has run over a patriarchal fowl). "BUT THE PRICE IS VERY HIGH. THE BIRD'S IN HIS SECOND CHILDHOOD!"  
 Irish Peasant. "IT'S THE THREE WORD YER HONOUR'S SPAKIN'; THIM YOUNG CHICKENS IS TERRIBLE DEAR AT THIS SAISON."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THOUGH some of his novels are better than others there is no such thing as a bad novel by Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. He seems incapable of those side-slips which mar the smooth career of most authors. Just where on the list I should place *The Children of the Sea* (HUTCHINSON) I hardly know. In some ways it is the finest piece of work he has ever done. Very few novelists could have treated so horrible a central idea with the same delicacy. It is extraordinary how, without weakening his story in any way, he contrives to avoid grossness. For this reason, I think I should place the book at the head of his list, considered purely as an example of the art of writing. On the other hand, I have enjoyed reading some of his other works a good deal more. Perhaps "bracketed first" is the best decision. Of the three books into which the story is divided, I liked the first best, which is set in the Sea of Japan, and culminates with the adventure which ultimately wrecked the life of *Erik Ericsson*, of the cable-laying ship, the *President Girling*. There is nobody like Mr. STACPOOLE for conveying scenery and atmosphere in a few sentences; and he is at his best in his descriptions of the strange colony of sea-women among the sand-hills by the Japanese telegraph station. Iceland is the scene of Books Two and Three; and here the author, though just as successful in handling his material, has less attractive material to handle. It is in the second book that *Schwalla*, the cousin of his shipmate *Magnus*, comes into *Ericsson's* life. Their love-story

has something of the quality of a saga. It is great with a greatness in keeping with its background of sea and rocks and ice; and over it broods the ever-deepening shadow of the final tragedy. If ever there was a story devised to inspire pity and terror, this is it. I do not recommend the book to those who demand a happy ending from their novels; and I doubt whether it will have the popularity of its predecessor from the same pen, *The Order of Release*; but there can be no two opinions as to its artistic merits.

*Tide Marks* (METHUEN), by MARGARET WESTRUP (Mrs. SYDNEY STACEY), is more ambitious than a delightful work by the same author entitled *Elizabeth's Children*. That earlier book had, I think, a quite unusual vein of humour and sentiment, and the characters concerned were nice human people who moved and spoke in a very real amusing world. But now I am afraid that Mrs. STACEY wishes to advance in her art, and I suspect that the simple humours of *Elizabeth's Children* seem to her very tame and commonplace beside the vagaries of her new heroine. The lady in question is, to quote the publishers, "the child of a gipsy mother and an ascetic father," and she has inherited, of course, a quantity of temperament which she splashes about upon the rocks and moors of Cornwall. It is regrettable that Cornwall lends itself rather too readily to loose colour and haphazard passion, and I am beginning to feel that its use as a background in the novels of the day is very often a confession of weakness. In any case, the sea and the gipsy mother and the ascetic father have proved quite too much for Mrs. STACEY's heroine, who is as unconvincing

